RANCH, CHICKEN RANCH, CHICKEN RANCH, CHICKEN RANCH. Now what the hell you gonna do about it?

SHERIFF. Scruggs, there's some folk just won't do to fart with and I'm one of 'em. Now you jes' leave the lawin' to me.

C. J. SCRUGGS. But nobody's buyin' nothin'. People just standin' around in clumps, wringing their hands and talkin' about this damned mess.

RUFUS. And I'm havin' to spend all my time playin' mayor. Hadn't sold a car all week.

DOATSY MAE. She ain't got a handful of supporters left, Ed Earl.

C. J. SCRUGGS. See there?

RUFUS. I gotta admit I don't care for the publicity. Not good for business. Not good for the town.

C. J. SCRUGGS. Course not. And you can't just sit around waiting to grow tits. You gotta do something. And now everybody's goin' ape shit over this Mafia scare.

DOATSY MAE. Yeah, they're afraid you'll start findin' bodies wearing cement overcoats.

SHERIFF. Doatsy Mae you just gonna have to clear on out of here now, 'cause we got some men talking to do.

DOATSY MAE. Yeah, I see what you mean. You fellas done such a good job on this thing so far. Keep up the good work. (SHE *leaves.*)

C. J. SCRUGGS. Now the Governer said he'd call out the Texas Rangers.

SHERIFF. He don't need no Goddamn Rangers! I got myself a purty good bullshit detector, boys, and I can damn sure tell when somebody's pissin' on my boots and tellin' me it's a rainstorm. The damn Governor is just trying to keep the television idiot happy and cozy up to the Jesus Bunch. If he's so all fired keen about closin' Miss Mona down, all in hell he's gotta do is give me one little bitty phone call and I'll do it. Hells fire, I wouldn't have no choice.

C. J. SCRUGGS. Well then why you got to wait for his phone call? Why can't you just take the bull by the horns an' take care of it yourself?

SHERIFF. Scruggs . . . I'm gettin' just a little bit sick of your Goddamn whinin' . . . Now you's willin' enuf to keep your eyes closed as long as we had a bird's nest on the ground, so I don't wanta hear . . .

(*The telephone rings.*)

SHERIFF. (*Continued.*) A man can't even digest his food. (HE *lifts the receiver.*) Uh, this is Sheriff Dodd speakin' . . . (*A few beats while* HE *is receiving the disturbing news.*) Awright, Governor. All ya had to do was ask. We'd a handled this thang locally if y'all hadn't let it get on Johnny Carson. (*A beat.*) Don't you worry about it none, Governor, you hold the whip hand, yes sir . . . yes sir . . . (*The* SHERIFF *hangs up the phone.* HE *suddenly looks old and broken.*) Goddamn if I don't feel like a country dawg in the city. If I stand still they'll fuck me, if I run they'll bite me in the ass. Well, I reckon you boys heard it.

C. J. SCRUGGS. You really gonna do it, Ed Earl? You gonna close 'er down?

SHERIFF. I said I would didn't I? There's some cats just can't be put back in the sack. (HE *rises, shifts his gun belt, and reaches for his hat.* THEY *file out.*)

"GOOD OLD GIRL"

WELL, SHE'S A GOOD OLD GIRL
WE'VE BEEN SOME LONG, LONG MILES TOGETHER
AND THANK THE LORD SHE NEVER WAS THE
CLINGIN' KIND.

BUT SHE'S A GOOD OLD GIRL
WE'VE HAD SOME FINE, BIG LAUGHS TOGETHER
AND I ADMIRED THE WAY SHE ALMOST READ MY
MIND.

NEVER TALKED NO FOOLISH TALK
HAD NO TIES AND HELD NO RULES
HELL, THAT GOOD OLD GIRL AND ME,
WE AIN'T, DAMN FOOLS YOU KNOW.

WE NEVER TALKED TOO MUCH
WE DIDN'T HOLD TO CONVERSATION
THERE'S LOTS OF THINGS I COULD HAVE TOLD HER
. . . I SUPPOSE
BUT WHAT I WOULD WANT TO TELL THAT GOOD OLD
GIRL,
SHE KNOWS.

(HE *crosses to the telephone and starts to lift the receiver.* HE